GRAIL

M THAT GOD MAY BE GLORIFIED IN ALL THINGS M

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APRIL 1950

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The GRAIL

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THIS MONTH, when even milady's Easter bonnet is a mute symbol of joyful victory, the theme of the GRAIL is triumph. Christ's triumph over death by His resurrection and our personal triumph over spiritual mediocrity by penance. In the article, GRASS ROOTS CATHOLICISM, the editor of the national college monthly, Concord, makes an appeal for dynamic spirituality. The theme of triumph is also evident in the GRAIL picture summary of the movie, GUILTY OF TREASON, which dramatizes Cardinal Mindszenty's heroic stand against Communist tyranny. The most vivid vay for us to consider the Easter triumph is to look at the defeat of satan, and this is what the writer does in this month's liturdical article, EASTER: OUR TRIUMPH WITH CHRIST. Daniel Connell informs us in his article on SELLING BEST-SELLERS that the growing popularity of Catholic books is due not only to an improvement in content but also to better marketing. When MODERN YOUTH VISITS A MON-ASTERY to "soak up some culture" all kinds of things can happen, as a reading ot that article will show.

> Happy Easter and good reading— Father Walter, O.S.B.

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We have to ward-heel and ring door-bells for Christ

Grass Roots Catholicism

by Vincent J. Giese

HE political party which has the greatest number of militant "ward-heelers" usually wins the elections. Personal contact work, door-bell ringing, and house-to-house canvassing pays off at the polls. Election history in this country shows time and again that the party with the most militant workers campaigning, not the party which spends the most money on a campaign, wins. Politicians call this the "Grass Roots" approach.

Catholics have a lot to learn from the politicians on this score. We have not been grass roots enough in revealing Christ to our fellow men. Too often we have stopped short with investments in Christianity. We make our donations to the institutions of Christianity: new churches, schools, hospitals, associations to help the blind, missions, and countless other groups which make their constant appeals. We

Vincent J. Giese is editor of Concord, national college monthly, and editorial director of FIDES Publishers.

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have been content to allow the holy Sisters, the good priests, and the self-sacrificing missionaries do the leg work of Christianity. We'll pay their bills, see that they do not starve, and swap our dollars for their prayers. Living in an age when it is tradition for everyone to pay his way through life, when dollars cover all responsibilities, we easily conclude that we can reach heaven through the pocketbook. Although a very neat and comforting arrangement. it is as inadequate for Catholics as it is for politicians.

Catholics must adopt the "Grass Roots" approach. Very simply, we have to ward-heel and ring doorbells for Christ. By this, I do not mean that all we need do is fill up our shopping bags and our brief cases with pamphlets of instructions, "answers" to Protestants, 35¢ editions of the Bible, and holy pictures, then go from door to door spreading the Word. While it is noble work, is it the answer to the needed restoration of all things to Christ? Is Catholicism more than a set of catechetical instructions? Is it not a complete way of life?

Grass roots Catholicism is much more scientific in its effort. First of all, it demands perspective—a certain way of looking at our life as Catholics in our particular period of history. Secondly, it demands a spirit of inquiry into our environment: our neighborhood, our parish, our place of business, our community. Finally, it requires militant action—a going out into our environment, not so much to fish with a line as to change the waters in the pond.

By perspective, I mean that Catholics recognize the demands of self-sacrifice and cross-bearing which their position as Christbearers in the world makes of them. It is a broader perspective than one which confines Christian life within the letter of the law. one which satisfies itself with the routines of Catholic life: Sunday Mass, Easter duties, meatless Fridays, and \$5 a year to the Propagation of Faith. Its vision reaches beyond novenas-as well intentioned as they are and as evidence of strong faith as they are. Its vision sees farther than parish organizations, such as the Holy Name Society, the Legion of Mary, the CYO, and study clubs.

Although these are grand efforts and sincere manifestations of the desire for apostolic effort, in many cases they need re-evaluation as to effectiveness, re-definition of goals, and above all, a deeper spiritual formation of the members. I am not disparaging all

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these efforts. What I am saying is this: we must not confine Catholicism to "extra-curricular" activities. We must meditate more on its completeness as a way of life. All these extra-curricular activities are things tacked on to our regular, routine life. They do not spring from the need for a regeneration of that regular, routine life. They have no direct relation to that regular, routine life. Too often these activities serve to satisfy our conscience and provide us with comforting rationalizations of our laxity as Catholics in business, in family relations, in participation in the life of the Church activities community. seem to balance our budget with God.

It is the regular, routine life which most Catholics fall into that is cause for worry. Too often it is secularized to its very roots. No amount of zealous Church work will compensate for it. No donations to good causes will change the life. No multiplication of religious devotions will cut those roots. If this life is secularized, I blame not so much the people involved, but I do blame the structures of society, whether these be social or economic. The people have become slaves to the structure; they have become imprisoned, and only the most profound decision of revolt will liberate them. In such a perspective, the grass roots method of attack makes sense.

T this point, the spirit of inquiry into our environment takes on its importance. We must observe our environment. What is its life? What are the problems of the people involved? How can we enter deeply into the life of the parish, the community, the neighborhood, our business, our profession? What are the social and economic pressures bearing down on them, frustrating them, cutting off their vitality? What material problems do they have: simple ones of housing, food, recreation, working conditions, and how do these affect their spiritual life? What are the vacuums in their life which need filling up with things other than TV sets, canasta decks, and bowling alleys? What is their emptiness and loneliness?

The search is unending. It is a specialized search, with workers looking into the problems of workers, families looking into the family problem in their parish neighborhoods, professional men and women looking into the problems of professional people and professional institutions, students looking into the problems of students. Grass roots Catholics begin with the spirit of inquiry. They reach outward from their peaceful lives

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of ease and self-satisfaction into their environment. They are students of the outside life around them, for they know that their mission lies there. God has not placed them in a particular environment or in a particular profession by chance. He has placed them there to be missionaries, to help restore that area of people and institutions to Him. Catholics are called upon to participate in the life of the Church there, to work with the Church in saving souls there. Catholicism is not merely a question of personal salvation, but it also means that perhaps the only road to personal salvation is through participation in the effort of the Church to save other souls. The idea that the good Catholic is a man who makes a bargain with the Lord for salvation, who promises to avoid sin in exchange for beatitude, is an ideal that has developed very logically in a business world full of "transacting" minds. Everybody today wants to make a deal with the next fellow. Catholics have succumbed to the age by wanting always to make a deal with God.

Out of a deep spirit of inquiry, we will discover the needs of our environment. Once we see the needs, we are able to act as militants to satisfy these needs. The call of Catholic Action becomes meaningful. Now we are ready

to serve those people around us. ready to go forth into our environment as missionaries at the disposal of those whom we contact. We are ready for great sacrifices, great giving of ourselves to others out of our love of Christ and His Church. We are ready to detach ourselves-in a real spirit of poverty-from all that we have which might be useful to others: our time, our talents, our material goods, our spiritual gifts of understanding. kindness, counsel. hope, faith. Out of an attachment to people, we detach ourselves from ourselves, crawl outside ourselves, conquer our egos, our prejudices, our discriminations, our pride. All that we are and all that we have we place at the disposition of those who need us.

No longer do we bargain. No longer do we calculate in terms of remuneration to us. No longer do we weigh what we are to give against what we are to receive. But we give because we cannot resist the love of Christ which motivates us, which drives us onward at all personal costs, which lifts us up when we are down. We engage the world, we engage our environment, we engage the people around us. Our role is no longer that of mere presence. It is one of commitment, of dedication, of engagement, of embrace. PRIL

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LONE? No, we do not act alone. Christianity is a communal experience, an effort of teams of Christians banded and bonded together because they see needs that must be satisfied. Our effort is an organized effort. through group action on our environment. A personal apostolate makes sense only within the framework of an organized apostolate, for it is an organized apostolate that will change institutions, that will call into existence new structures of society. Cardinal Suhard tells us. "If you are to be apostles, your

lives cannot be spent in isolating yourselves, in stiffening yourselves, in holding on to everything in order to lose the least possible, but in mingling, in giving yourselves, that you may live and grow fully. You cannot succeed while alone." With our teams, we will work together, share experiences together, help each other with our burdens, be happy and joyful together, pray together, sing together. There is this eternal truth of Catholic Action: an individual may influence, but only a group will conquer.



THE LAMB is one of the most ancient and authentic Christian symbols. In both the Old and New Testament it is used to represent the Savior, Who overcame the powers of evil by loving meekness and self sacrifice.



Sacramente

by Abbot Ignatius, O.S.B.

You may not be rich, but one thing you can give your children, the heritage of your blessing.

Our Lord used to gather little children around Himself and bless them. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," He said. "And embracing them, and laying His hands upon them, He blessed them." Parents of today love their children. They embrace them. Why do they not lay their hands upon them and bless them? Jesus wants children to be blessed.

Certainly the blessing bestowed on children by Jesus was more efficacious than that which is bestowed on them by their parents. So also is the blessing imparted by a priest more efficacious than the parental blessing. Even so, the parental blessing is something so holy, so efficacious, that it deserves to be called the "Sacramen-

tal of the Domestic Hearth." How beautiful is the picture of a young mother, imposing hands of benediction on a child of tender years and spotless innocence. No less beautiful is the picture of an aged parent, bestowing with trembling hands, a blessing on a full-grown son and daughter.

Parental blessing is as old as the human race. It began with the oldest patriarchs. Throughout the Old Testament it was the usual method of transmitting divine favors. The blessing conferred on their children by Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are known to all that read the Sacred Scriptures. These same Scriptures give us an authoritative statement on parental blessing. "Honor thy father, in word and work, and in all patience, that a blessing may remain in the latter end. The father's blessing establisheth the houses of the children; but the mother's curse rooteth up the foundation." (Ecclus. 3, 9, 11)

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Many are the Scriptural instances whereby the efficacy of a parent's blessing, and also a parent's curse, is proved. We know the interesting story of Tobias, how he made a long journey with the Angel Raphael, who in disguise acted as a travelling companion. That was a most successful and profitable journey. Besides a safe return it included: the collection of money, the deliverance of the young Tobias from the dangerous fish, the winning of an excellent wife for the son, and the curing of the father's blindness. Before setting out, the young Tobias received his father's blessing in words: "May you have a good journey, and God be with you in your way, and His angel accompany you."

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Nowadays a person so rarely sees parents bless their children, that he is inclined to think the privilege no longer exists. Has the parental blessing lost its efficacy in the New Testament? Has Christ's coming changed the essential relations between parent and child? Has matrimony, elevated by the Savior to the dignity of a Sacrament, been lowered in spiritual values? Most certainly not! Jesus, in the New Testament,

has increased the number and capacity of the channels of grace, of which the parental blessing is one.

ARENTAL blessing is parental blessing still. The scattered family and the empty home are but the concomitant of parental blessing neglected. If this "Sacramental of the Domestic Hearth" were more frequently administered, there would be more happy and contented families. Two indispensable factors of happiness in a home are amiable authority on the part of parents and loving obedience on the part of children.

Parents that bless are more keenly conscious of their responsible dignity. In their power to bless they recognize the channel of grace that they do not want to obstruct by disedifying example.

It is easy for a child to see God's representative in a parent before whom it frequently kneels for blessing. With this recognition come the love, reverence and obedience that children owe to their parents.

In the lives of the saints and the saintly, we find many beautiful examples that help to spur

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us on in fostering this worthy custom. The last words of the mother of St. Gregory of Nyssa were her words of benediction pronounced over her ten children. some of them absent, some present. The dying mother of St. Edmund called her boy from Paris to England to bestow on him her blessing. The Blessed Thomas More, even when a married man, advanced in years and official dignity-he was Lord Chancellor of England—never left his father's house without that aged parent's blessing.

The Little Flower of Jesus, whose charming child-like sanctity has made her so popular, undoubtedly owes some of her exalted holiness to her parents' blessing. The custom of blessing the children prevailed in the home of the Little Flower. In her autobiography she expressly mentions the blessing received from her father on one momentous occasion. It was the day she entered the convent. Hear her speak for herself: "The next morning, after a last look at the happy home of my childhood, I set out for the Carmel, where we all heard Mass (April 9, 1888). I embraced all my dear ones, and knelt for my father's blessing. He, too, knelt down and blessed me through his tears."

A little more than two years ago

our Catholic papers attracted the attention of readers with the headline: "Bishop Kneels for Mother's Blessing." It was the Right Reverend F. T. Roch, D.D. Bishop of Tuticurin, India. He met his mother at the railway station. There, in presence of a multitude of people, he "knelt before his mother to receive her blessing, and the grand old lady. placing her wrinkled hands on the head of her illustrious son, moved many a spectator to tears."

OU may wonder when parents ought to bless their children. They ought to bless them often. At night after evening prayers is a very good time to bestow a daily blessing. Before going on a journey or undertaking an important or a dangerous occupation; also during sickness, sons and daughters ought to get their parents' blessing. At the more important turning points in life, fathers and mothers ought solemnly to bless their children, thus, upon their entering school, on their First Communion day, on their wedding day, or when they leave to enter the convent or monastery, or the holy priesthood. Send a blessing even to your absent children. Before you go to bed at night, think of the absent son or daughter. They may be in sore need of your help. Your blessing is the most PRIL

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powerful help that you can give them. Protect them with the Sacred Cross that you make over them. Include a "God bless you, my child," in the letters to your children. Your last blessing should be given to all your children, when you are at the point of death.

How is the parental blessing given? In the most simple, yet impressive manner. Place your hands on the head of the kneeling child. Say: "I bless you, my child, in the name of the Father," etc., make the sign of the Cross upon the forehead with the thumb of the right hand. If you bless all your children at once, simply extend your right hand over all. and trace a cross over them, while you pronounce the above words. Any other appropriate words of your own choice may be used. Vary them to suit the occasion. the words of Tobias quoted above are beautiful words of blessing for one about to make a long journey. Simply let the words of blessing indicate what you wish your children.

After reading this, what will be

the attitude of parents, sons, and daughters towards the practice of parental blessing? Young parents will welcome this happy privilege of which they perhaps knew absolutely nothing. With joy will the proud young father and the jubilant young mother lay hands of blessing upon their precious baby. The practice once begun will be easily kept up.

But what about older families, where through ignorance of this beautiful custom, the parental blessing was never given? Rather reluctantly will aged parents make this start in the evening of their married life. Yet they surely will not refuse their blessing if their grown-up sons and daughters ask for it. Nor ought these to hesitate in asking for a gift that surpasses all natural gifts that parents can give them.

St. Ambrose says: "You may not be rich; you may be unable to bequeath any great possessions to your children; but one thing you can give them; the heritage of your blessing. And it is better to be blessed than to be rich."

T ODAY imposes with particular stress the duty on everyone to flee the vices and blandishments of the world, and to renounce the unrestrained pleasures of the body and that worldly frivolity and vanity, which contribute nothing to the Christian formation of the soul, nothing towards gaining heaven."

Pope Pius XII, Mystici Corporis

Much of the success of Catholic best-sellers can be directly attributed to large scale promotion.



S E L L I N G Best-Sellers

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SOME PEOPLE buy books; many people are sold books. The latter group represents the edgewater of an enormous, untapped reservoir of book buyers.

How can we get Catholic books into the hands of these passive millions? That is a question which has been keeping Catholic publishers and booksellers awake nights for many a year.

I suppose there exist interesting sociological and cultural reasons why more Catholics and non-Catholics will not read spiritual books. I am neither a sociologist nor a member of the literati, but I do know from firsthand bookselling experience that people can be persuaded to buy and read spiritual books through an intelligent, comprehensive, sustained

Daniel F. Connell is office manager and part owner of Connell-Keelin Books, Inc., Chicago. uted

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While it is true that most spiritual books competently written for the general reader will sell if adequately promoted, it must be conceded that the recent three or four Catholic giants which have dominated the national best-seller lists possess the qualities of human interest and high readability which would give even a book about Shintoism a powerful reader appeal. On the other hand, all the publicity and advertising in the world will not make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

A heavy emphasis upon direct mail advertising constitutes the means by which books are made available to readers in small towns and rural areas far removed from large cities. The same promotional technique has been utilized even in large cities of, for example, the southwestern and northwestern states. A book on the priestworker movement in France would need greater expository advertising in such areas than it might require in the large cities of the East where a consciousness of priest-workers has been created by travelers.

Good Catholic books are being written, books which are entertaining, interesting, and even exciting. The problem is how to get these books read. With some very notable exceptions they reach only a very few Catholics. Hundreds of thousands of Catholics in the United States don't know that Catholic books are being written which have made the New York Times list of best-sellers. One has consistently had "top-billing" for over a year. In recent weeks Catholic books were in the 2, 3 and 4 spots. Our books are getting publicity now and may one day become the fashion. This has come about because of promotion. To be sure, they must have "something," but many good Catholic books have that something and don't get read because nobody finds it out. It is a hard fact of the trade that much of the success of our national Catholic bestsellers can be directly attributed to shrewd, timely, large scale promotion.

Many "movements" are motivating interest in reading. Parish Libraries are beginning to function. Our books are being reviewed in the secular press. We are "arriving." But we must promote. We must sell. The really qualified reviewers are doing a good job and, fortunately, they don't always agree. The variance of opinions stirs up healthy controversy and this begets interest. Catholics can have personal opinions and this is good for our non-Catholic friends to know. In point

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of fact, Catholics have more freedom of opinion than is generally even suspected.

There are in the United States 25 or 30 million potential Catholic readers of Catholic books and no one knows how many potential non-Catholic readers of Catholic books. In one year more than a million people have read the simple, poignant story of a sophisticated New York poet who was ultimately led by the hand of God into the cloisters of Gethsemani, in the hills of Kentucky. What the impact of this book has been or will be on a world sick with sin and sensuality is difficult to estimate. But for the furtherance of our discussion in this article it is worth considering that no other Catholic book has ever received the promotion and publicity given to the Seven Storey Mountain. Knowing now the critical worth of the book, it is interesting to speculate whether or not the "Mountain" would have sold as well as it did without the huge promotional push it received?

Could a Catholic publisher have done as well with it? The oldfashioned policy of Catholic publishers of merely announcing a book in the Catholic press could not have created a demand for such a title. Potential readers must be informed adequately through professional announcements and advertisements as to just what a certain book has to offer a reader. Mere announcements cannot carry such a load.

It is interesting to recall that thousands of Catholics had read Peace of Mind by the late Rabbi Liebman, before the percipient Monsignor Sheen had the time to write and publish his antidote, the best-selling Peace of Soul. The meaning and value of the latter work had to be extensively and intensively advertised in order that it might reach not only Catholic but non-Catholic readers as well.

The eternal as well as temporal business of selling Catholic truth must be promoted in every efficacious way. By means of modern book promotional techniques, we must urge our own co-religionists to acquire and develop a more profound knowledge and understanding of their faith, as it is given off from technically as well as spiritually valuable Catholic books.

The public, both Catholic and non-Catholic, must be told what's in a book and why they should read it. Reader-interest must be stirred until they can hardly wait till the book is in their hands. Call it "sales talk." Call it anything you wish, but the point is—the book must be read and that can't be done by merely telling the public that a book is now ready. The

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old-fashioned method may get books into the hands of those already convinced but, if we get them into the hands of the unconvinced, we must sell.

The business of selling the greatest, the most valuable, the most interesting product on earth—Catholic Truth—must be pro-

moted in every possible way. In this, I have no false modesty, no reserve. We must stir people to acquire a real knowledge of their faith. To be one of the means of spreading Catholic thought by distribution of Catholic books—by every conceivable method—is my job and I am proud of it.

The Partition of Ireland

Democracies must practice what they preach

Thus it will be seen, Mr. President, that this interference of the British Government in the maintenance of the partition of Ireland provides those who oppose us in the world today, and who would, if possible, destroy our democratic way of life and supplant it by a system abhorrent to all free peoples, with a potent weapon in the field of propaganda where our sincerity is brought into doubt. It enables our enemies to sow the seeds of doubt in the minds of the peoples under totalitarian rule as to the good faith of our assertions in regard to being for the freedom of all nations. Obviously, so long as Ireland is denied her irrefutable right to the complete unity of her country, so long will our enemies be able to contend that our professions of democracy are not implemented in our practices

An excerpt from the speech by Hon. James E. Murray, of Montana, before the Senate of the United States, Sept. 20, 1949



The Medal

by Mary Fabyan Windeatt

Sister Catherine Labouré has had several visions of the Blessed Virgin, who tells her to have a special medal made. After much hesitation, Father Aladel, chaplain at the Paris motherhouse, confides the matter to the Archbishop. The Archbishop gives his full approval for the making of the medal.

Chapter 7

HEN Father Aladel took his departure, he felt that the burden of anxiety which he had carried for so long had been wonderfully removed from him. Without delay he set out in search of an artist willing to undertake the task of making the medal, and in due course such a man was found. But in just a few days it became apparent that this was to be no simple matter. For instance, on November 27, 1830, Our Lady had appeared to Sister Catherine, dressed in a simple white robe and holding a small golden ball surmounted with a cross. She had lovingly pressed this ball to her heart, then raised it toward heaven, as though she were offering it to God.

But then the ball had vanished. She had lowered her hands and stood facing the Sister, the beautiful rings on her fingers (some bright with dazzling rays, others without any radiance), turned away from view, but with a glorious light still streaming from her open palms.

"Father, what about this?" demanded the artist. "The ball was no longer in Our Lady's hands when she said she wanted the medal made. But surely it has some special meaning and should be shown?"

The young priest hesitated. Undoubtedly the ball did have a special meaning. In fact, it represented the world. But since it had vanished when Our Lady asked to have the medal made...

"You'd better make two sketches," he told the artist. "The Sister will know which one to choose."

But the artist was quick to discover more difficulties. Our Lady had been seen standing on a shining globe. Well, was the whole of this visible, or only part? Then, were her feet bare or covered? And was the Devil to be shown under her feet in 1950

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the form of a snake? As for her hair, was it entirely hidden by the long veil?

Presently the confused and rather exasperated priest had a whole series of drawings to take to Enghien to show to Sister Catherine, in the hope that she could shed some light on the artist's seemingly insoluble problems. And how eagerly she examined each one, delighted beyond words that at last something was being done about Our Lady's request.

Father Aladel watched her closely. Which drawing would she choose? Suddenly she gave a gasp of pleasure.

"Father, this is it!" she cried, holding up one of the drawings. "Have the medal made like this!"

The priest leaned forward. The sketch which Sister Catherine had chosen did not show the golden ball. Instead, Our Lady was standing with outstretched hands atop a cloud-encircled globe, the mays from her open palms streaming earthwards in a blaze of glory. Her hair was covered, her feet bare, crushing beneath them an evil-looking serpent.

"The rays represent the graces she wants to give us!" explained Sister Catherine eagerly. "Oh, Father! I could spend hours just looking at those rays and thinking about them!"

For a moment Father Aladel was silent. What wisdom was here! Since the first Good Friday the Blessed Virgin had been the mother of the world. But, save for a few devout priests and religious, who was there to remember? Or that she had done everything for her Son and would do everything for her other children—if only they would ask her help?

"Sister, you're right," he acknowledged, gazing reverently at the sketch. "The rays from Our Lady's hands do represent every kind of blessing. And if the new medal will make people understand this..."

"Oh, it will, Father! I know it will!" exclaimed Sister Catherine confidently. "After all, remember what she told me?"

"What, Sister?"

"'All who wear the medal after it has been blessed will receive great graces, especially if they wear it around the neck. Graces will abound for those who wear it with confidence.'"

Suddenly a joy that he had never known before filled Father Aladel's heart. How good to have a part to play in bringing souls to love and trust God's Mother—and theirs!

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Chapter 8

Soon the first medals were ready—two thousand of them. But despite his conviction that their inspiration came from heaven, Father Aladel was worried. The new medals were beautiful, yes. But had it been wise to have so many made? Perhaps a thousand... or even only five hundred....

"It's all right, Father," said the Archbishop. "The medal is a special gift from the Blessed Virgin. I know that people are going to want it."

True enough. Within a short time the story of how Our Lady had appeared to one of the Daughters of Charity was making the rounds in Paris, and the supply of medals was quickly exhausted. Then interest spread to other cities, and several thousand more had to be made. And when it was observed that those who wore the new medal were marvelously preserved from the cholera plague which had recently broken out-even to the point of being cured when they were on the verge of death - excitement reached fever pitch.

"The medal is miraculous!" one person told another eagerly. "It isn't safe to be without it."

Naturally the Daughters of Charity were among the first to distribute the "Miraculous Medal." They gave them to their orphans, to the sick in their hospitals, to the poor and aged under their care. But even as they worked to promote an interest in Our Lady's cause, all were asking themselves the same question: Who is the Sister to whom Our Lady appeared?

"It's Sister Martha," several decided. "She's a real saint."

"No, it's Sister Victoria. She's always had a wonderful devotion to the Blessed Virgin."

"Don't forget Sister Pauline. She's very holy."

"Well, what about Sister Marie? Have you ever watched her pray?"

"Yes. But there's something about Sister Anne..."

"Nonsense. Our Lady came to Sister Genevieve...."

"Oh, no! It must be Sister Claire"

At the convent of the Daughters of Charity at Enghien (where Sister Catherine was still employed in the kitchen), there was as much curiosity as anywhere else. Even the fifty homeless old men who were the Sisters' special charge joined in the guessing game. But as the weeks passed, not even those who were most positive in expressing their opinions could actually be sure who the privileged soul was. Even the Superior and the chaplain could only

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guess, like the rest. As for Sister Catherine—busy with peeling potatoes, scrubbing the pots and pans, feeding the chickens—she calmly contributed her guesses to those of the others when the occasion arose.

"It could be Sister Martha," she would say, when pressed for an opinion. "Or Sister Pauline. Or Sister Marie...."

However, Sister Catherine was far more interested in promoting a love of Our Lady than in idle talk about the apparitions in the chapel of the Motherhouse. Two things in particular were of concern to her: first, that the beautiful prayer, O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee, be recited frequently and devoutly by all who wore the medal; second, that the medal itself be worn about the neck.

Now there were a few old men at Enghien who did not want to wear the medal about their necks. They preferred to carry it in a pocket, or to have it pinned to their clothing. In this way, they would not be advertising their piety.

"It's all right for women to wear the medal openly," they said. "It's something like jewelry. But men—well, it's different with them."

Sister Catherine was not surprised at such an attitude. For many years the Church had been cruelly persecuted in France. Even now the godless ones in charge of the government were doing their best to banish it from the land—if not by outright violence, at least by mockery, and ridicule. As a result, there was little public interest in religion. and only a few people were to be found praying in the churches. As for rosaries, statues and holy pictures in the homes-they were scarcely ever to be seen.

"People are ashamed of the Faith and everything connected with it," thought Sister Catherine. "That's why the Blessed Virgin said her medal would bring far greater graces if worn about the neck."

What should be done—especially with regard to those old men at Enghien who were so reluctant to pay public tribute to the Mother of God? For weeks Sister Catherine prayed and thought about the matter. Well did she know there was no use in making anyone wear the medal. It would be well-nigh impossible, and it could do more harm than good.

"I'll just have to gain their confidence," she decided finally. "Dearest Mother, won't you please help me?"

(to be continued)

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"This is the day which the Lord hath made: Let us be glad and rejoice in it."

SCENE

Before the palace of the King • the Convent

CHARACTERS

A young girl, the chosen betrothed of the King • religious novice

Chorus of loyal subjects • the hierarchy of the Church

Members of the Court • we who are members of the Church

CHORUS:

Now it is flood-tide At the heart, Now the day, Now the eternal moment, Foreordained: Joyously You go. But tremulous, Bewildered yet, By this enormous grace-Soul-stunning onset Of the Wooer Infinite. Light and loveliness Await you, Breathtaking heights And purple vistas Lie ahead,

As yet unscaled,
Unseen;
Music through the years,
And treasured wealth
An emperor would envy
Spilled at your feet;
Love's enveloping,
Secure embrace,
And all for you—
Chosen favorite
Of the King.

MEMBERS OF THE COURT:

Open wide the portals,
The Bridegroom waits
Within;
Into the royal
Presence
Lead her now—

Chosen favorite
Of the King.

Adorn the royal
Nuptial hall,
Prepare the banquet table
And the rich,
Rare viands;
Fill the cups
To overflowing
With the sweet red wine.
Bring now the preclous spices
And the garments,
Purple, gold, and red;
Bring for the maiden finger
The Imperial ring,
And place the jewelled diadem
Upon the maiden brow.

CHORUS:

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We watch you go
Into the regions
Of a thousand
Mysteries,
Into the realms
Where Tabor's blinding light
And Calvary's shadow
Meet and merge
In everlasting harmony,
In soundlessness,
And peace.

YOUNG GIRL:

You watch me go— But I have not gone— You will see me moving In the early dawn-mist; And where white tapers burn,
Three times
A bell will ring,
And in the hallowed hush
You will find me there,
Low-bowed;
And you will hear
My song
On the silent
Evening air,
And whispered yearning,
And soft good-night,
Before a red lamp,
Flickering.

CHORUS:

Hear the surge and rush of the rivers. See the flame on hill and cloud: Now it is flood-tide At the heart, Now the day, Now the eternal moment, Foreordained: We set you not apart From us, We lose you, leave you Never; Here within the kingdom Vast and undivided: One Body, One Spirit, One Life-Forever We are one Forever.



The Emperor's Brag

by Edward Francis Mohler

HE principal political figure of the early nineteenth century was the Corsican Napoleon Bonaparte. France was his dressingroom, all Europe his stage. He tried with all his might to outshine every other actor in the cast of a troubled age. From his first whimper to his last mumbled phrase-"head . . . of the army" -choked from him as death stood by, this one man was world-important. The Little Corporal rose to great heights and fell away to nothingness. In the rise and fall he used millions of people, made few friends and many enemies. Probably no other man in modern history embodied and experienced

so many contradictions. Curiosities abounded in him. To illustrate: He was born on the island of Corsica, a prophetically shaped piece of earth that pointed a finger at Europe; he married the creole Josephine from the island of Martinique; he hoped to guarantee his hold on the continent by the conquest of Great Britain; he was exiled to Elba near the place of his birth and finally to St. Helena in the midst of the seas. And, speaking psychologically, all his life he was insulated in himself.

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Ambition to the point of mania spurred Napoleon to dominate all. He plotted, cajoled, charmed, and crushed to bring the Catholic Church and the Pope within the drab sphere of the merely mundane. Though he studied history osi-

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through the years and fancied he understood its trends, he never realized until a few months before his death on barren St. Helena that the word DOMINION means lord and Lord! A contest worth studying alongside the malignant strategies of the contemporary Mussolinis, Hitlers, Stalins and Titos involved the impudent, imperial-minded Napoleon against the meek, patient and saintly Pius VII. It was the adventurer against the apostle, the railer against the clear, calm soul, the servant of self against the man rendering service beyond his time and his immediate surroundings. Gregorio Luigi Barnaba Chiaramoni, who became Pius VII, entered the Benedictine Order at the age of sixteen. He completed his studies, taught college classes, exercised episcopal authority and became Pope in 1800 to witness and wonder at Napoleon's rise to the heights. The distressed condition of France, living in divorce away from her spouse the Church, was a matter of deep concern to the Pope. The newly risen Napoleon, whose motives were largely political, felt that France could be ruled best in union with the Church. The most important member of the new papal household was the brilliant Ercole Cardinal Consalvi; he would be the one to negotiate a concordat. Napoleon

itched to get his hands on ecclesiastical appointments, for these in some measure might help him toward dominion.

Negotiations between the new French state and the old Church were ended at Paris in 1801 and published in 1802. Cardinal Consalvi did not put too much trust in the dictator and time quickly proved his fears well grounded. For a short space there was deep affection between Napoleon and Pius VII. Later disagreements darkened the relationships between Church and state especially when Napoleon discovered that his relentlessness availed little against a Pope whose life was keyed to another world. Shortly after the Concordat was proclaimed Napoleon did exactly what Mussolini did in our times, he issued all manner of restrictions against the Church without consulting her and strove to undo much of the good which had been accomplished. Cardinal Consalvi objected to the doubledealing. Napoleon demanded that he be removed from the Papal Secretariat.

Napoleon's plans included an emperor's throne. Pressure on the leading citizens and lawmakers of France and a "vote" of the people gave him his wish. On August 15, 1804, Napoleon wrote to Pius VII

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as might a truly dutiful son of the Church.

"Holy Father:

The excellent influence which the reestablishment of the Christian religion has had on the habits and character of my people leads me to beg your Holiness to give a new proof of your interest in me and in this great nation... I ask you to give the sanction of religion to the ceremony attending the consecration and coronation of the First Emperor of the French."

Pius VII took the request under advisement. Could this be another Charlemagne? Cardinal Consalvi had been impatient with a worldly conqueror and had said his thoughts bluntly. The Pope resolved to be on hand at Notre Dame. The coronation culminated in the petty business of Napoleon actually crowning himself and Josephine, as the Pope stood by.

The littleness of those who would be great falls miserably before the genuine greatness of those who know they are little and act accordingly. Nowhere in modern history is the principle so clearly illustrated as in the contests between Napoleon and Pius VII. In 1805, when the man who wanted to command Europe and everyone in it had reached the age of thirty-six, he paraded before Cardinal Fesch to impress sympathetic ears.

"For the Pope I am Charlemagne

because like Charlemagne I unite the crowns of France and of the Lombards, and my empire touches the East. I will reduce the Pope to be the mere bishop of Rome."

Vulgar, grasping vanity is ever blatant in self-esteem. The essentially mean nature of this military genius and the arid mind of one who did not know his history began to show more and more in word and deed.

In July, 1807, Prince Eugene Beauharnais at Rome received from his step-father Napoleon diplomatic instructions containing letter-within-a-letter. Eugene was directed to have the concoction presented to Pius VII. The material was so arranged that the Pope would believe Eugene himself was writing and quoting from a long, angry letter sent to him by the Emperor! The remarkable document overflows with folly. Some portions of it remind us of the ranting emanating from the Russian Foreign Office in our own day.

. Pius VII studied the letter and in his humble soul wondered how one small man could grow so big in a few years.

"The present Pope has too much power; priests are not made to rule....

I begin to blush and to feel ashamed at all the foolery which the Court of Rome makes me endure....

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The Pope threatens me with an appeal to the people....

My crown proceeds from God and from the will of my people.... Frenzied Popes born for the mischief of men....

Why will not the Popes render to Caesar that which is Caesar's...?

For the Court of Rome I shall always be Charlemagne..."

Pius VII read and meditated on these violences. He turned back to the opening of the letter. A passage struck him sharply:

"What does Pius VII wish to do when he denounces me to Christendom? Put an inderdict on my throne? Excommunicate me? Does he imagine that their muskets will drop from my soldiers' fingers?"

Turning to a worried aide the Pope said:

"I shall keep this remarkable document by me. A small man has written large words. God is good, always and only good. He will show what is right when He is ready."

"But, Holy Father, how shall we reply to Prince Eugene? The Emperor is angry."

"Patience, my son, patience. I think history will have much to say about a vainglorious man. The Church has learned that the years often give the answer. Man invented time but God may use it. Should we not wait, watching time

work for God rather than for man?" So a course of patience was followed.

The selfishness of Napoleon meant that Pope Pius VII would be imprisoned, persecuted, shuttled about like a soldier, treated with contempt. The greedy hunt for power made Napoleon forget that he had once said in an amiable mood:

"Treat the Pope as though he had two hundred thousand men."

The States of the Church were occupied and turned into an adjunct of France. The glaring light of success seemed to promise a long glory trail. But time brought its pressures. Napoleon grew worried, then frightened as the ill will of Europe breathed upon him. His exactions were the more onerous as he grew restless. The Pope was finally moved to Fontainebleau. Most of the cardinals were dispersed. Thus the contest stood until the debacle in Russia. For a time the tragic news was kept secret but it would creep through into all the corners of Europe, even to the Pope himself. How terrible had the Russian affair been? A papal secretary was on hand with a summary. Six hundred thousand men lost in the snow-packed wastes of Poland and Russia, thousands upon thousands going to their death by freezing. How horrible! How unnecessary!

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How futile! And the Emperor? He had said on his way back to France:

"The Emperor never felt better in his life!"

The secretary had finished his account of the tragedy and stood waiting. The Pope sat looking at the floor. The Secretary bided his time.

"Holy Father, do you wish anything?"

"No, my son, you may go. Thank you for an excellent report."

The Pope was alone (if it may ever be said that the Pope is alone). Memories flooded back. The persecutions, the humiliations, the sufferings had been many at the hands of the mercurial, mendacious tyrant. The wise Ercole Cardinal Consalvi had been right in not trusting the Emperor; but the Pope had been right also since the ways of peace, patience and fortitude always pay best in the long run. The coward and the liar must have immediate answers; yet in the end they have no answers. The brave man can wait and he gets his answer.

Pope Pius VII broke his meditation, walked across the room to a cabinet, opened it and pulled forth a dispatch case. He turned papers to uncover a diplomatic letter, Napoleon's ranting of years

before. He read until he came to the words,

"...their muskets will drop from my soldiers' fingers?"

Napoleon had written it as an ironic question; now it was a fact! The chastening of the wilful was beginning. Yes, time seemed to be serving God's purpose. Pius VII returned the paper to the box and closed all in the cabinet. Then he moved slowly toward a priedieu above which hung a crucifix. He knelt and prayed for egoistic, head-strong. an frightened son and for the hundreds of thousands of obedient men who had died on the battlefields of Europe at their Commander's word.

The way down to sorrow and destruction had opened for Napoleon and he had indicated the path in his own blatant words. It was but a few years back to the "coronation" date when the world had been overawed at the swift rise of the Corsican. Pope Pius VII, ever the modest shepherd, was sad and prayerful as he commended to God the slowly falling Emperor and his many already fallen followers. Gazing at the crucifix the Pope prayed for all. And as he did his heart sang a happy, glorious Te Deum with these simple words:

"God is good, always and only good."

the Totalitarian State

With the recent trend toward highly centralized governments Statism becomes more and more threatening.

TODAY'S world is being torn asunder by the titanic struggle between Totalitarian types of state and Individualist or Liberalist types. Each proclaims itself to be the exclusively proper type of society. Both are wrong, for both are contractual social patterns. Regardless of which one wins, society will live in an erroneous pattern.

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Political patterns may be grouped into two categories: contractual and natural. The contractual form of state is subdivided into two types: Liberalist and Totalitarian. These two subdivisions of contractual society are bitter enemies, even though they hold several things in common. For example, they both maintain that the state is the result of a contract among men and that it receives it power and authority from man through this contract. Liberalism and Totalitarianism are also firmly united in their denial of the validity of the natural type state. While these points of agreement do exist, these two social concepts are in bitter disagreement concerning the purposes of society and its patterns.

With a blindness which is appalling, modern society either can not or will not see that any form of contractual society is based on error. Contractualism denies the existence of society's natural order and hence denies that civil society as an institution is born of God's will. The real contest today should be between contractual and natural society.

In preceding discussions we have shown the general characteristics of Individualism, which is the guiding factor of Liberalism in the political scene. We have shown it to be, as proved amply by history, a deadly enemy of the Christian concept of society. But vicious as Liberalism is, it must share its infamy with Totalitarianism. Totalitarianism and the Christian way of life are totally

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incompatible. Both Liberalism and Totalitarianism must be vanquished before the Christian or natural type of society can occupy its rightful place.

Successful defense against an enemy requires that the defender know the nature and purposes of the enemy. Christians must be able to discern Totalitarianism not only in its more obvious forms and aspects, but also in its less obvious characteristics. A nation may step by step and very unsuspectingly slide into Statism which is an aspect of Totalitarianism. With the recent trend toward highly centralized governments marching rapidly ahead, threat of some degree of Statism becomes more and more threatening even in nations which espouse Liberalism. As the internal pattern of nations becomes more and more out of joint, and as horizontal and vertical clashes between classes occur more frequently. there is the tendency to concede to the state an increasing amount of absolute power and the privilege to regiment the nation's daily life. Totalitarianism or Statism rarely fastens itself upon a nation in one fell swoop. It achieves its growth and final maturity by insidious and devious ways.

While many persons realize that Totalitarianism is simply another word for State Absolutism, they do not fully realize the viciousness of this philosophy as it pertains to the individual and his natural dignity. Since Thomas Hobbes was a pioneer among modern advocates of State Absolutism, let us briefly glance at his particular form of contractual society so that we may see just what it means to man's dignity and personality. Hobbes, like many other false prophets, was forced to call upon a wild imagination to lay the groundwork for the alleged necessity of State Absolutism.

Hobbes maintained that man was born possessing a boundless freedom. Man had. claimed Hobbes, the perfect right to do anything he wished so long as he could get away with it. He had the full right to acquire his neighbor's goods provided he was more powerful than his neighbor. Hence man adopted the "might makes right" theory. Actually Hobbes was describing license, not true liberty. According to him, early man was possessed of an acquisitive instinct which beggars description by moral-minded people. At the same time he was a killer by nature. Using these alleged characteristics as factors in man's behavior. Hobbes then proceeded to paint a picture of early society which depicted it as nothing less than an insane confusion.

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Finally man became alarmed at his own viciousness, for as men plundered and killed, race suicide loomed more and more ominously. Man, said Hobbes, finally realized that he could not trust himself and that, if the race were to survive, men must get together to establish an institution which would be given absolute direction over man's activities. Seeing no other possible solution, the surviving members of this mad lust met and contracted to set up an institution which they called a state. Thoroughly cowed by their own viciousness, they handed over to this state all their natural rights and privileges, at the same time endowing it with an absoluteness which was to be total in every aspect.

This absolute state, its creators hoped, would in due time return to the individual citizen such freedoms as it judged the individual could use in safety to himself and others. However, the nature and scope of these returns were to be absolutely at the discretion of the state which could justify its existence only by maintaining a rigid control over the behavior and activities of the citizens composing it.

Man voluntarily became a ward of the state. Hence the state's success would determine the condition to be enjoyed by its wards. According to Hobbes, man's proper destiny was, therefore, to serve the state, the success of which was man's chief end. The individual citizen should live for the totality on the assumption that the good of the whole means the automatic good of the parts composing it.

With the citizen shorn of all rights, privileges, personality and power, the state obviously was solely responsible for the good of the totality and hence, in order to achieve this total good, must directly control and patternize the activities of each and every individual.

One may wonder why such a weird philosophy and such an obviously synthetic history of social development should find present acceptance. There can be no denying that Hobbes' philosophy has had a very considerable impact upon later social thinking. The answer is rather simple. Those who subscribe to Hobbes' theory have simply repeated an error so common to man. They have been guilty of assuming that a person who is an expert in one field is automatically a Gibraltar of wisdom in all other fields. There is no doubt about Hobbes' status as a top-flight physical scientist and mathematician. As a physical scientist he won high acclaim. But the shoemaker did not stick to his last when Hobbes en-

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tered the field of social philosophy. However, people have transferred to Hobbes the social philosopher the reputation for sound thinking and analysis which are duly the property of Hobbes the physical scientist. It was simply another instance of that human error which occasionally insists that two apples and two plums make four peaches.

In his earlier political writings, Hobbes had been a strong proponent of absolute monarchy; but he later transferred his affections to the absolute state. In his Leviathan he advocated a monstrously powerful state which should have the right to exact implicit obedience from its citizens in all things. This state would be given the right to utter laws on theology and all religious matters, even to the point of determining the nature of God. Perhaps Hobbes' desire to utterly subordinate the Church to the state arose from his hatred of the Papacy. While Hobbes was admittedly a sound thinker in the physical sciences, his over-all soundness may be judged by his absolute horror of ghosts.

Recent brands of Totalitarianism or Absolute Statism are deeply indebted to Hobbes and his Leviathan. Modern Totalitarianism seeks to make the citizen body a faceless multitude which lives only to serve the state. This utter debasement of man requires the surrender of his personal dignity and his total depersonalization. In the Totalitarian scheme of things, the state is not the expression of its citizens, but rather the citizens are a dim reflection of the state. The state is supreme in everything; there must be nothing outside the state or superior to it. Even the Church must become subservient to it.

In order to achieve what it calls the good of the totality, Totalitarianism assigns to the individual citizen his functions, duties and occupation. It attempts to install a severely regimented pattern of production and consumption. In the final analysis, it erects a monstrous series of controls to control controls and then superimposes upon these controls controls to control the controls which control the controls. Such a pattern leaves absolutely no room for the expression of individual personality or initiative.

With this picture of State Absolutism in mind, the Christian has no difficulty in determining why Christianity and Totalitarianism are absolutely incompatible. Christianity teaches the innate dignity of man and man's natural freedom to choose those activities which enable him to best express his personality. Christianity's

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philosophy concerning the sovereignty of the Church and the state in their respective spheres finds no acceptance or sympathy in Totalitarian thinking which seeks to make the state omnipotent and the Church a cringing, subservient thing highly grateful for the permission to exist at all.

Totalitarianism perceives the state as the source of all power and authority. This is in direct contradiction to Christianity which maintains, and proves with historical accuracy, that source of all civil authority and power originates in God the Creator. A study of Totalitarianism and Christianity should convince the objective observer that there can be no such things as a Christian Totalitarian. Those who naively claim to be Christian Totalitarians are guilty of attempting a monstrosity and setting up a contradiction in terms. The true Christian can be neither a Totalitarian nor a Liberalist. He is a follower of the natural type of society which stems from nature ultimately from nature's Author, God.

The Christian citizen who seeks to avoid the dangers and evils of this form of contractual society

must acquaint himself with the steps by which Totalitarianism or State Absolutism fastens itself upon a nation. While it is true that the early stages and some of the lesser aspects of Statism do not in themselves constitute State Absolutism, yet they are undeniably introductory steps and, if permitted to grow in scope and number, soon lead to still greater degrees and aspects. While the proper function of government is to govern, and good government requires a certain supervision over the activities of the citizen. the Christian citizen must be wary of the government which constantly seeks to arrogate to itsupervision and controls which are properly the function of lesser civil units or which properly belong to individual citizens or institutions and associations privately erected to represent them.

The approach of Statism is slow and stealthy. It is also deceitful, for it invariably masks its real intentions by claims that only the greater common good is sought. Clever as this masquerade often is, it never deceives the Christian citizen who is properly acquainted with the natural type of state and its characteristics.

"He who has imagination without knowledge, has wings and no feet."

Joubert

The Divine Tragedy

Life of Christ to be filmed by noted producer

"The Divine Tragedy is more important than the British pound. Although I am in the midst of a financial crisis, I have set aside 50,000 pounds as England's contribution to the making of your life of Christ." This was the reaction of Sir Stafford Cripps, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, to the picture on the life of Our Lord that will be filmed during the Holy Year in France, according to its producer Count Georges de la Grandière.

"The Holy Father asked me if we could have The Divine Tragedy finished for the Holy Year," said de la Grandière, "but it is necessary first to finance it in 12 countries where the little people will cooperate in what we hope will be a spiritual Marshall plan. Shares of \$10 are being subscribed all over the western world, as was done with Monsieur Vincent, which has brought in 300% profit for each share. Incidentally, the Holy Father asked me if Monsieur Vincent had succeeded financially. When I said it had, he smiled and added, touchingly, 'I am glad. I was worried about it.' He has given his blessing on our new picture, which will take nine months to make and will be shown by Christmas of the Holy Year."

The "Christus" is a fervent Catholic, a professor of philosophy, 32 years old, and an international football champion. Among those who

from the Catholic Journalist

tried for the part were a Greek orthodox monk and a priest of the Mission de Paris. The identity of the "Christus" will remain unknown, and all concerned in the film will be anonymous. No screen credits will be given, although it can be revealed that the author of the script and the director is Abel Gance, who is famous in France for his use of pictograph, tryptich and sound perspective techniques. The music is by Eugene Honneger.

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De la Grandière was a cavalry officer and a chief of the underground. While serving as minister of the family, he saw how the Communists used the movies to influence young people. He raised \$600,000 for Monsieur Vincent, including contributions 50,000 French from prisoners in Germany. With reference to that picture, he complained that of the three adverse reviews it got, one was in the Communist paper "Unita," and the two others in "La Croix" and "Action Catholique Illustré." When he complained to the editor of the latter paper, the editor said: "I know, my poor boy, but since the movies are not very important I gave the job of reviewing them to a Commie."

\$10 shares may be bought from Hugh Gibson, 22 East 47th Street, New York 17, New York.

"GUILTY of Treason"

Freedom is everybody's business

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PAINSTAKING attention to accuracy has been lavished on "Guilty of Treason," the Eagle Lion Films presentation of the communist persecution of Cardinal Mindszenty of Hungary.

Written out of the day-by-day headlines, the film uses much of the actual dialogue heard in the Budapest courtroom and many verbatim reports of conversations between the Cardinal and his aides.

To guarantee absolute authenticity in the sets and costumes, all available photos of the proceedings in Budapest were secured and full-scale replicas constructed. Many of

the participating actors wear clothes and uniforms made in Hungary and smuggled to this country.

The people involved in the writing and producing of "Guilty of Treason" are of many religious faiths. The leading actor, Charles Bickford, a non-Catholic, said after reading everythings he could find about the "trial" and the Cardinal: "This is a story that should be told in motion pictures. What happened in Hungary to a Catholic cleric, can happen here to anybody and assuredly will, unless the American people defend the principles on which our freedom rests."

With an organization such as the Overseas Press Club giving aid to the making of "Guilty of Treason," the authenticity of the newspaper reporter who is shown telling the story was guaranteed. "At last," report the real-life correspondents enthusiastically, "Hollywood has turned out a genuine representation of a working newspaperman!"

ANNIVERSARY PIECE—by an eye-witness of Cardinal Mindszenty's trial. "A year ago today I saw brought to trial a brave man who acted like a coward. I saw a people's court from which the people were barred. I saw an ex-Nazi sitting as Communist chief judge. I saw a defense attorney out-prosecute a prosecutor."

Gabriel Pressman
 New York World-Telegram

To assure an equally authentic portraval of the persecuted Cardinal's role, producers Jack Wrather and Robert Golden engaged Father Mathias Lani, head of the Los Angeles Catholic Resettlement Agency. Through information received from Hungarian refugees who are cared for by the Resettlement Agency and from letters he has received from informats in Europe, Father Lani has gained access to facts concerning Cardinal Mindszenty's imprisonment not generally known in this country. Father Lani likewise visited Hungary last year, just before the reds arrested Cardinal Mindszenty and subjected him to 40 days of interrogation and, according to informats who were in Budapest at the time, also to torture, hypnotism, and drugs.

"The Cardinal," says Father Lani, "has no longer any recollection of the period in his life from the time he was arrested until after his conviction and sentence to imprisonment. He is under the impression that his trial is still ahead and talks of plans to plead his innocence of the various charges of treason, black-marketing and conspiracy with the United States of which he was accused by the communists."

This picture, appearing one year after the trial of the Cardinal, February 3-5, 1949, promotes the avowed purpose of the Cardinal himself, voiced at Youngstown, Ohio, in 1947: "I came to American soil for no other reason—not even to raise a collection; that is the task of others—but I came so that wherever I go, Hungary may be remembered and so that the case of Hungary, which is not yet closed, may be kept alive before the public opinion of the world.

"Because even though bitterness may weigh with hawk's wings upon the Hungarian soul, and though they may cut into the Hungarian soul with the claws of birds of prey, yet, even in our darkest moments, we cannot suppose that in the world's opinion the basic principles of justice have forever ceased to pilot the lives of peoples and nations."

This year on Feb. 8 the above words thundered out over the Voice of America, the U.S. State Department's powerful radio program. By means of a recording made in Youngstown, Ohio, in 1947 the Cardinal's words rang out in his own clear voice throughout his beloved Hungary where he is still imprisoned.

THE STORY

The American newspaperman Tom Kelley transfers from Russia to Budapest to cover the story of Cardinal Mindszenty, who leads the fight against communism in Hungary.



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At the Cafe George—hotbed of intrigue and espionage—Kelley meets Stephanie, young music teacher and patriot, who helps him in his search for the facts about the Cardinal.

Finding the Cardinal with his mother in voluntary exile on his family farm, Kelley and Stephanie witness Mindszenty's passionate faith in truth and freedom.





At Christmas Mass the Cardinal warns his flock of his coming arrest and pleads with them to stand firm for truth and freedom.

Quietly—at night—the Cardinal is arrested at his palace. His mother finds his last written statement: I am not guilty of treason; I have nothing to "confess."





For over a month the Cardinal remains firm under torturous questioning and brutal treatment; finally drugs and hypnotism bring out his "confession."

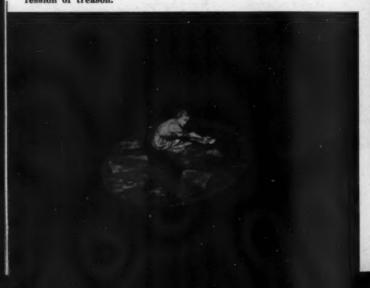
His "confession" is trumpeted throughout the world by the communists. The people find it impossible to believe.





Stephanie, a non-Catholic, was first apprehended for refusing to permit her classes to sign a protest against the Cardinal and the Catholic Church.

Her final betrayal by her lover—a young Communist Colonel—throws her into the brutalities of inhuman torture, intended to force a confession of treason.





Appearing in court, the Cardinal—now a broken image of his former self—is prodded into a confirmation of his previous forced "confession."

Kelley returns to the States to propound to his compatriots of the Overseas Press Club the principle enuntiated by the martyred Primate of Hungary: "One must take a stand somewhere. On must draw a line past which one will not retreat. No matter what happens, we must speak for the truth. I am against tyranny—under all forms and all labels. Now, and as always, I pray for a world of charity and a world of justice."

Modern youth Visit

A REFRAIN uttered so frequently and for such a long time that it has become almost a truism is the familiar "Modern youth has gone to the dogs." In this form or in several varieties equally derogatory and final, and I might add equally absurd, it has been repeated by those who are no longer youthful—physically or mentally.

Frequently this condemnation is heard in reference to modern youth's supposed spiritual dryness. We lament and berate the inroads of materialism and secularism, forgetting that such crying out is best but a negative approach to whatever problem exists. Somehow it seldom occurs to us that a positive responsibility is ours to supply those necessary spiritual needs which are essentially so harmonious with the spirit of youth. Youths, and those young in spirit, are naturally endowed with innate qualities of aspiration and intuition. Ideals—the yearning for Truth, Beauty, Goodness-are standard equipment in the make-up of all the latest models of young men and women. But these ageless qualities, like many modern gadgets, fall into disuse and neglect or disrepair, and we fail to apply the remedies or study the book of instructions.

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It is not my purpose to suggest that the solution to our problem lies in getting modern youth into the monastery—not all the way in, that is! My purpose is, instead, merely to report the reactions of a group of college students, most of them non-Catholic, encountering monks and monasticism for the first time, to report them as they were expressed to me, their guide and instructor and to interpret that meeting.

In connection with a course in mediaeval culture which I teach at the University of Louisville, I escorted a group of forty collegians, typical young men and women. Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant of various denominations, to the Benedictine Abbey of Saint Meinrad in southern Indiana. Studying the culture of the Middle Ages-the background, the arts, the philosophy, and the literature-naturally brought us face to face with the tremendous influence of monasticism which, at that time, was practically synonymous with Benedictinism. Listening to lectures or reading about the Church, monasticism, the Divine Of-

Monastery

by Gilbert S. Ohlmann

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fice, liturgy, and Gregorian chant is one thing, and a rather distant and objective thing at that; actually visiting a monastery and spending a day absorbing some aspects of these things personally, experiencing this spirit as it existed and continues to exist—or, as one of the monks phrased it: "Coming to this mediaeval place to soak up some culture"—is quite another thing. And an exciting experience it proved for most of the students.

Modern pedagogy enthusiastically approves all student-participation methods, and field trips are especially praised. Students, even at the college level, are not opposed to any device that enables them to escape the dull routine of class work or lectures. A co-educational excursion by private car to a "quaint" or "interesting" or "romantic" place some seventy miles from the campus seemed like a sound pedagogical venture to my class when I first suggested the idea. Spring was in the air and the Easter liturgy was at the Abbey. Easter Monday had many advantages: I knew that the



liturgy would be rich; and the students privately added one more holiday to their spring vacation.

Nothing could cool the ardor of these carefree, "doggone" students as our caravan of ten automobiles crossed the bridge spanning the Ohio river-not even the unexpectedly crisp morning. Crossing that or any bridge at six o'clock on a crisp morning after Easter Sunday at the end of spring vacation was something of a sacrifice, I felt, for any student group. It seemed exceptional for a group of non-Catholics headed for High Mass seventy miles away -as I pointed out to Saint Christopher when we entered the highway.

A BRISK run brought us, about an hour and a quarter later, to the Abbey Church where a pleasant and personable young monk stood wait-

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ing for us at the top of the marble steps, his cassock and scapular whipping the wind in unison with Old Glory just across the green. One ex-G.I. in my car asked, "How long has that guy been doing sentry duty up there? He must be frozen stiff in this gale." He was obviously impressed in his slightly irreverent way, and I hastened to reassure him that the young priest probably had his faith to keep him warm. We found out later this same monk was soon to keep an even colder watch among the Indians in South Dakota.

Soon, after much adjusting of head-scarves by the girls who had been briefed by their Catholic companions, these supposedly devil-may-care young people were ushered into pews reserved for them and were in the midst of all the pomp and splendor and beauty of a Pontifical High Mass. The "soaking up" of mediaeval culture was almost audible!

On their faces I saw perplexity, awe, interest, and wonderment. They tried to take in all that was going on before them-at the high altar, at the Abbot's throne, in the raised choir with the movement of the schola cantorum between the choir stalls, or in the side balconies where the boy sopranos from the minor seminary alternately wiggled like urchins and sang like angels. Some merely sat and listened to the simple majesty of the chant. Others gazed at the Christus, painted in mosaic-like Byzantine style, which dominates the wall of the apse above the main altar. But all was reverence. No one seemed anxious to leave after Mass; they remained for the Hour of Sext which was chanted immediately after Mass and waited for the monks to leave their choir stalls. Then all were set in motion by the reverend guest master who invited us to have hot coffee and pastry in the guest dining room.

Here, amid the Easter decorations, a reasonable facsimile of another aspect of mediaeval culture became quite definitely audible. This was the best discussion class I have ever experienced; but, then, I had never tried serving lunch before! They compared mental notes and voiced their impressions and observations, some of which were more significant than they realized. One keen young Jewish lad remarked that he was struck by the similarity between parts of the service he had just witnessed and the rites of the Synagogue; he found the chant particularly reminiscent. My abrupt G.I. stated directly, "There was a lot I could not understand; but somehow that didn't seem so important."

Father Abbot had graciously assigned four genial young priests, all of them specialists teaching in the seminary, to be our hosts for the day. They were kept under a constant barrage of questions from their forty inquisitive guests. At the first meeting, one of the monks announced that he or his companions would be happy to answer any and all questions to the best of their ability. The students took that lit-

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erally: no holds barred! As a result there was much respect built up on both sides. Informality characterized all the meetings. The music students asked specific questions about the chant; immediately we had a "quartet schola" to demonstrate. Someone was interested in the vestments; immediately a set of vestments was brought in, and, while one priest vested, another explained the significance of each vestment and its origin. An art student was curious about the attitude of the monks towards modern art: off we went to the Chapter Room where tradition and modernistic art are beautifully blended.

When I say we, I mean, of course, the male contingent. The girls soon discovered that they had entered a man's world and were frequently sent back into the church to take another look at the Christus! I overheard one girl mutter something about Joan of Arc, but it wasn't very distinct!

AND so the day went. And as it went these young people were more and more impressed by the atmosphere of serenity and purpose which permeates the monastery. Everywhere we encountered active, exuberant, and happy monks and seminarians, all busily performing the work of the Lord. At work or at play, here were hundreds of handsome, virile, and enthusiastic young men, their very contemporaries, all actively engaged in living a full and a good and a meaningful life; not

just the life of a religious, but a religious life. As my students watched, I read in more than one glance a sudden realization, no matter what its modern translation might be, of "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, and he lose his immortal soul?"

After a hearty and delicious dinner, everything but the fruit salad being a product of the monastic farm (one wit suggested that it is rather difficult to grow those maraschino cherry halves), we went on a tour of the monastic grounds. Whatever the question might be, one of the monks would explain in a litany of "We quarry our own stone"; "We mine our own coal"; "We bake our own bread"; "We ... produce!" There are no shortages or labor problems where the guiding principle is Ora et labora, which raises work to the dignity of prayer. The peace and efficiency and happiness of this little world apart from the world was in startling contrast to the chaos of modern civilization to which we returned late that afternoon.

For weeks after our visit, the Benedictines and Saint Meinrad's Abbey were referred to in our class discussions and private conversations. The trip was an eye-opener and, I believe, a soul-opener. To those for whom religion had never before been a serious or personal consideration, this monastic experience had suddenly revealed a new and workable standard of living. Here were community cooperation,

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successful government, respect for authority, family devotion, dignity for the individual, mutual respect for another's race or color, personal and communal love of Divine Providence—all this, and Heaven, too!

As would be expected in a group as varied as was this class, the reactions followed individual differences. but basic is the fact that many misconceptions about monks and monasticism, about religion and the Church, were shattered by this experience. One girl, obviously confused by this powerhouse of manhood, observed that she had always thought of monasteries as prisonlike places for grouchy old men. A Jewess, an excellent music student, remarked, "Imagine a monk knowing all about Shostakovich!" Another, a Catholic recently transferred to the University from a Catholic college for women, confessed that she had learned things about the Church that she had never known before; she was particularly impressed by the explanations of the significance of the vestments and various rites and has since become quite liturgical minded.

At the end of the course, a number of the students graciously wrote comments on the monastic experience. The G.I. paid a sincere but dubious compliment when he stated that he admires the monastic life "because it has all the advantages of army life"; I think that I know what he means, but I'm not certain that he does. Another student wrote that he approved the visit because "general application becomes practical application, which is needed." Another thought the trip "paramount in significance." Still another. perhaps best summarizing the attitude of the class, wrote: "The visit to St. Meinrad was of value to me since it gave a more 'living' idea of monastic living and thinking as it has survived from mediaeval times."

Somehow I could not feel slighted when I read in most of the papers that the trip was the best part of the course. Of course it was! It was a distilled version of the course just waiting to be "soaked up"!

HAPPINESS IN THE FUTURE must be planned for in the present. As a guide for boys and girls who are looking forward to a purposeful life after graduation try Follow Christ 1950, a 96 page booklet on vocations.

ORDER FROM THE GRAIL OFFICE ST. MEINRAD, IND.

25¢ a copy \$1.00 for 5 copies \$3.00 for 20 copies



As Father Ildephonse
FEB. 3 stepped from the train
...there was our Father
Polycarp to give him a cordial welcome to the Eternal City. Also
present were Father William and
Father Guy, who with Father Polycarp make up the trio that represents our Abbey in St. Anselm's
Benedictine College in Rome, Italy.
Father Ildephonse planned to remain but a few days in Rome and
then set out for Germany.

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Two showings of "Guilty PER. 21 of Treason." This is the movie describing the injustice rendered to Cardinal Mindmenty in his seizure, trial and final condemnation. It sets forth the loyalty of the Cardinal to his flock and flock to the Cardinal as well as the infamous character and hate of the Reds in power. Besides the impression of injustice the movie left an unpleasant but overwhelming thought that "it could happen here."

A native priest of India,
FEB. 23 Rev. Xavier Thani Nayagam, delivered two lectures: first one to the Minor Seminarians at 6:30 P.M. and the next
to the Major Seminarians and

Monks at 8 o'clock. He spoke of the work being done by the Church in India and also gave some interesting facts about his native country and compatriots. about 1% of the population is Catholic; some 70% of the people are located in rural districts. Father Nayagam quoted the following 2000-year-old saying of one of their ancients: "Every country is my country; every person is my kinsman." Certainly that passage strikes the note of Brotherhood. Peace, and "United Nations." Father Nayagam's purpose in touring the United States is to acquaint himself with the best means of approaching the missionary work in India intellectually and culturally.

Sunday: Forty Hours; beFEB. 26 gan at 9:30 with Solemn
High Mass and Procession. The Blessed Sacrament was
then placed high above the main
altar where it remained until Tuesday morning. Differing from the
manner Forty Hours is carried out
in most parish Churches we have
continual adoration throughout the
day and night. Every hour one
could hear the soft tread of foot-

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steps—change of watch—young and old coming to spend their assigned time with the Biessed Sacrament.

Quotation from Northern Lights published by our St. Michael Indian Mission, North Dakota: "Father Paul came home" (St. Michael's) "from Mercy Hospital in Devils Lake on Friday afternoon, January 27" (one month ago) "after a six-weeks 'stay,' which resulted from an accident while skating on the ice. He is now walking on crutches, which is very hard for him. We hope he will soon be back at school. We miss his jokes and stories that he was always telling us." This passage was written by a little Indian girl by the name of Ramona St. Arnaud.

A forty-five minute auto
MARCH 1 ride for dear old Father
Vincent. He was driven
to the Monte Cassino Chapel and
to the St. Joseph's Shrine—both
located near the Abbey. Father
seems to be improving somewhat:
less weak, better appetite, walking
a little more with the aid of a
"walker."

Father Abbot conferred
MARCH 4 the first two Minor Orders on Fraters Gavin
and Lawrence. Took place during the Conventual Low Mass offered by Father Abbot. On the preceding night the same two fraters
received Tonsure in the Brothers'

Oratory. Every aspirant to the Sacred Priesthood looks forward to taking these first steps—necessary, happy rungs of the ladder that must be ascended before the top can be reached.

The Minor Seminarians COMING will present Shake-PLAY speare's Henry IV on the Sundays of April 23 and 30. at two o'clock sharp. Two special performances are planned for the schools on Tuesday, April 25, and Thursday, April 27-at 2 o'clock. If effort and zeal on the part of the personnel mean anything at all, Henry IV should prove to be good entertainment and a real treat for lovers of Shakespeare. We might add: to assure yourself of a seat you may order tickets in advance from Mr. Donald Schmidlin, St. Meinrad Minor Seminary, St. Meinrad, Ind.

Our Father Meinrad will COMING leave for the Third Na-EVENT tional Pilgrimage to Fatima-Rome-Lourdes about April 20. As was mentioned in the March GRAIL, he is to act as Spiritual Director for this Pilgrimage and will also act as proxy for anyone wishing to make the pilgrimage in this manner. The only condition is to recite 15 decades of the Rosary each day of the Pilgrimage for (1) the intentions of Our Lady as expressed at Fatima and (2) the intentions of the Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, which he gave for the Holy Year. Father Meinrad will

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gladly take the special intentions and petitions of the pilgrims to the shrines, at each of which he intends to offer Mass. Blanks on which to enroll as a Pilgrim-byProxy and on which petitions may be written can be had free on request from The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

FATIMA LITERATURE

- ▶ Our Lady Appears at Fatima 6 page leaflet with chart of first Saturdays. 100 for 35¢ 1,000 for \$3.00
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EASTER: Our triumph with Christ

A MAN'S mind thinks on two levels. The greedy man will live a day of ordinary, hundrum deeds. But underneath, at a lower, less active strata of consciousness, will be the ever-pressing desire for power and wealth. Anxiety lives at the bottom of many lives, sapping the aoul with its growing thirst for despair; lust can rot out the foundations from beneath before a man is aware of the danger. All will seem fair to those who see only the surface level of these lives.

On the other hand, supporting the lofty structure of a saint's life, there must be the deep, hidden levels of steady faith, firm hope, embracing love. Remember St. Paul's "rooted and grounded in charity... in order that you may be filled unto all the fullness of God." (Eph. 3,18)

At Eastertide we contact the most profound and exhilarating wellspring of a Christian's joy: his sure knowledge of Christ's triumph on earth and His glorification in heaven. "Christ's glorification is the one article of the Creed that is to

be held responsible for the Christian temperament," wrote Abbot Vonier. This unshaken conviction has been warming the heart of the race of Christians for two thousand years. Like a subterranean fire, smoldering steady, it brightly bursts forth in its full brilliance once a year on the feast of Easter.

One would, of course, be hard put to it to prove in our day that Easter is the "Solemnity of Solemnities," the greatest feast of all the Church year. Easter has a pitiful social observance today. Easter eggs cannot be expected to hold their ground against the "visions of sugar plums." And beribboned bunnies, for all the twitching of pink noses and fluffy tails, will never bring on the bated breath and glassy eyes which the appearance of a certain jolly old gent does. To be sure, there are the tall, pure lilies standing erect behind the altar. Fresh linens for the sacrificial table, stiffly starched surplices about the sanctuary, and the choir's new mass help along. That strange fixture, the Paschal candle, gay and bright, is at the Gospel side of the altar. But after Easter Sunday Mass is over, and all the new hats have gone home, one has only the awareness that it was a great day—because the pastor had said so. Oh well, Lent is over; that is cause enough for rejoicing.

Christ and Satan

ET on this and on every Easter day is relived the day which saw the climax to a God-conceived plan that uprooted the kingdom of hell on earth. The mouth of an empty tomb spoke the great news to all the world: "He has risen!" The chains of sin slipped from around the world; death saw itself overcome in One Man's flesh, saw that all the dead would one day escape it; and the perfect hatred of Satan was overwhelmed by the perfect love of God.

You can look at the Easter triumph any number of ways. Perhaps the most vivid for us today is to consider the defeat of Satan. To point out how completely Lucifer was conquered by Christ, Abbot Vonier remarked: "To make fun of Satan is one of the healthy manifestations of Catholic sentiment." St. Augustine put it this way: "Satan can bark, but he cannot bite."

A deep veil of mystery hangs over Christ's manner of crushing satanic power. We do not understand how a war between two spirits takes place. For instance, by what kind of power did Satan hold men before the coming of Christ? Man had opposed God. That was a long, long step which put man in a class hateful to the Creator. It put man into the world where evil powers ruled, and how was a quivering bit of flesh to stand up against those giants fallen from heaven? Unable to revenge himself on God directly, the devil could satisfy himself to a degree by pulling men farther and farther from the pursuing love of God. He could demand of God the full punishment for a man's sin; he stood as the great accuser of the human race.

The lines of communication between God and man were weak, spasmodic. There was a trickling of prophets down through the centuries. Strange men like Isaias, Jeremias, Aggeus, who found their speaking for God a most unappreciated business. Shaving their heads, going about naked, baking their bread in dung-heated ovens, the whole bag of prophetical tricks was used to catch the eye and ear of the people, to warn and entreat them. But without much success. These the Chosen People had at least as contact with God.

The rest of the world worshipped the devil under the guise of gods of anger, power, immorality. Even today, in lands still grovelling under pagan idol worship, you catch sight of hell on earth. The leering, lustful gods, hungry for sacrifice; the gods of war, and worse still, the stupid, fixed faces of those gods which absorb the personalities of their disciples.

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Satan was aware of a kind of divine burglary moving towards his power. The casting out of devils, the turning of souls from sin, the sight of people walking back from death, all pointed toward his own loss of control in the world. The Prince of this world, as Christ called him, then staked all of his hopes on killing the strange Intruder. Satan's was one of the voices in the secret councils of the Sanhedrin; he snarled and shouted by turns around the hall of Pilate; he danced about the cross on Calvary with frenzied glee. Then he saw Easter morninghe knew he had lost all.

The devil exulted when Christ died and yet he was conquered through that very death of Christ. The devil thinking he had food, had taken a bait. The sight of death rejoiced him, as if he were the overseer of death. But what was to him joy, became to him a trap. The trap of the devil is the Cross of Christ .. By seducing the first man, he killed him; by killing the last man (Christ) he let the first escape from his snares. So the victory of our Lord Jesus Christ was celebrated when He rose from the dead and ascended into heaven. (St. Augustine)

New life—through Death

HAT crucified body, full of open wounds, had soaked up all the sin and oppression of the world. Christ had drawn all death, despair, and helpless plight into His death, meaning to swallow it up in the abundance of His own, risen life.

But the fall of the Angel of the abyss made possible the still greater consequent of Easter day. The early Christians taught this more positive element of Easter by a beautiful Easter-eve service. Early on the evening before the great day, they would gather in the gloom of their church. This was the hour all had prepared for, all had fasted and prayed for during Lent. This was the night in which all things were to be made new, just as Christ had made new the course of man's life on the earth. They began with the lighting of the church lamps from a newly kindled fire, a blessed fire, symbolic of the new light that now shines on the world: Christ. They then listened to long extracts from the books of the Old Law which rehearsed anew in their minds the story of creation, the fall of man, promises of coming salvation. Then as dawn was beginning to wash the world with its clean, new light, the baptismal font was blessed. The Paschal candle, representing Christ, was plunged down into the font three times; thereupon the following prayer was said:

Here may the stains of all sins be washed out; here may human nature, created to Thy image and reformed to the honor of it's author, be cleansed from the filth of the old man; that all who receive this sacrament of regeneration may be born again, new children of true innocence. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, thy Son: who will come to judge the living and the dead and the world by fire. Amen.

Finally came in the catechumens, the living lessons of all that Easter means. Upon their baptism, they stand free from the power of Satan and sin. Upon their baptism, the strength of a resurrection to a heavenly life is planted in them. They are Easter, restored, cleansed, enriched with all the fruits of the victory of Christ. Separated now from sin, they are free to live to God. They are given that unheard-of and unfathomable gift: grace—a created share of God's life infused deeply into their own being—the fitness to be called sons of God.

This brilliant feast of Easter casts deep shadows and dazzling highlights. The picture is all of sharp contrasts. The Savior triumphing over Satan, the Deathless One swallowing up death, the Pure Lamb of Calvary dying for all sin of all time. Here there is so much brightness as almost to benumb our mind as we look upon it. From the total view, we must take away one great conviction. It should sink down deeply into our minds, becoming that second level of consciousness supporting our Christian life in unbroken joy: our Savior has gained for us a new freedom and a new life. Alleluia!

The kingdom of this world has become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever. (Apoc. 11, 15)



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Under her bandages Marian's eyes burned, and the hot dizzy feeling of terror enveloped her....

Blind



by George Sanderlin

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I T WAS just a small, red clapboard hospital among the sand dunes. The Atlantic, which had battered a hundred ships on this remote coast, threw up its plumes of spent spray only a few yards from the building; and the narrow band of cement which linked the peninsula with the mainland glared white in the Southern sun.

Marian could not see the road from her brown metal bed. But, besides the hushed murmur of her parents, outside in the corridor, there were other sense impressions: pungent anesthetic, the click of basins, brisk footsteps—and the sigh of the hot trade wind, blowing sand off the ridges of the dunes like yellow smoke.

Marian could see neither the rectangle of aquamarine sky, nor the occupant of the other cheap metal bed.

Drops of perspiration ran down her white temples. Her dark, wavy hair which was her pride lay disheveled on the pillow, and tiny beads glistened on her upper lip.

"Are they going to operate on you?" asked a childish voice beside her.

She had heard them telling her father she would have to share the room. She had not known it would be with a child.

Her throat constricted too painfully for her to reply, and the tears burned under the bandages.

"Are they going to operate on you?"

"Yes," she managed to whisper.

"When?"

"R-right away."

"Why?"

Marian tried to lift one hand to her face, so she would not have to speak, but it was numb.

"I-can't see."

Marian felt hot and dizzy and faint with terror. The words whispered hung there in the pitiful frame room between her and

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the child. Yes, it had really happened. The carefree, youth-filled car racing along the deserted road. The jests and laughter at the sign, "WARNING: CATTLE CROSSING." And then the sudden lurch, the screams, the sharp crash, the odor of burnt flesh, the groans, and darkness.

Darkness.

"O God," Marian sobbed, sound-lessly. "O God, O God..."

She became exhausted. In her exhaustion she again became conscious of the childish voice.

"St. Odilia," the little girl was saying. "St. Odilia will help you. Please don't cry. She has helped me, like I told you. I was born blind—"

"You were born blind!" Marian clenched the sheet. "You were blind, and St. Odilia helped you?"

"Oh, yes!" The joy in the little girl's voice made Marian tremble. "She's my favorite saint! She was blind, too, when she was little. But God healed her. Listen, I'll tell you all about her!"

A saint who helped the blind. The little girl was waiting for Marian's permission to tell about the saint.

Marian did not have that much faith in her religion. Under her bandages her eyes burned, and the hot, dizzy feeling of terror advanced upon her again. If anything could dispel it, it was the joy and the love in that little girl born blind and healed by her blessed saint.

"Go ahead," Marian whispered, out of her great darkness. "Tell me—about St. Odilia..."

THE salt, sea-smell was retreating. Inexorably, a gray, cotton-batting cloud of anesthetic was overspreading it.

"A little more. That's right. Now-"

Marian heard the words from a great distance. Now the cloud turned to a kind of luminous fog, swirling in long silver streaks, and somewhere in the curved spaces the words drifted and were lost....

Strands of the fog parted momentarily, and Marian heard the little girl's voice, vaguely even saw the child, standing on a hill. There was a stone wall behind her, and some nuns in black ranged beside her. A solemn bishop with golden miter and pastoral staff raised a chalice of water over the little girl's head.

"May the eyes of the body and the soul be opened in the name of Jesus Christ," he prayed, and the little girl gave a sudden cry of ecstasy.

"I can see! Oh, I can see!"
The fog closed again, over the baptism of St. Odilia. Marian tried to plunge after the little girl,

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but something held her back, unable to move.

After St. Odilia regained her sight, she returned to her father, Adalrich, duke of Alsace. But he tried to force her to marry.

"I am already betrothed to Our Lord. I cannot marry," Odilia pleaded, in her childlike innocence.

Adalrich only laughed uproariously. But that night, Odilia slipped away from the castle. Marian saw her running over the rocky ground and then, emerging from the misty valley, came the pursuing knights, always gaining.

"O God, if it is Thy will, preserve me for Thyself," St. Odilia prayed, kneeling.

The clatter of horses' hoofs was loud in Marian's ears. The fog parted and revealed the knights to Odilia. But at the same moment, a great boulder between Odilia and the horsemen was cleft from top to bottom. Odilia sprang inside, and the boulder closed. The knights sped by, bringing the gray fog from the valley with them. Odilia was safe. She later founded many refuges for the poor and sick.

Fog from the valley. Layer after layer of it rolled over Marian now. She was suffocating. She tried to cry out for the little girl, for Odilia....

There was still gray fog everywhere, but the salt tang of the sea had invaded the room and driven out the anesthetic. Marian heard the thunder of surf. She stirred uneasily under her light sheet, and moaned.

Gray fog everywhere. She twisted over on her back. Through the mist, far up to the right, glowed a pin-point of light.

Marian lifted her head. It ached dully. She tried to focus on the dot of light and shivered at a chill breeze from outside.

"It must be near dawn," she murmured drowsily. "That's the morning star."

Beside her, she became aware now of someone sobbing. It was her own mother, kneeling by the bed.

"Oh, my child, my darling," her mother cried. "You can see."

See? Marian lifted her head again. The morning wind blew stronger, and the last fumes of anesthetic were dissipated.

And the light of morning, the commonplace, blessed light of another day was illuminating the room, the brown metal bed, her mother's gray head and tear-streaked face, her father bending over her, a white-coated surgeon coming in through the door....

"Oh!" cried Marian. "Oh!"

She threw her arms around her mother and father and squeezed as though she would never let them go. Her heart ached. The world was so beautiful—so beautiful!

"You are fortunate, Marian," the surgeon said, running his skilled fingers over her eyebrows. "There was little chance, I can tell you that now. The sort of thing some people call miraculous."

His words sent Marian's thoughts back to the darkness of last night. And to the little girl, her room-mate. Why, if it had not been for that wonderful little girl, and of course, for St. Odilia....

With a cry of remorse, Marian pulled away from the physician and turned toward the other bed.

"St. Odilia did help!" she cried out—then stopped.

The other bed was empty.

"Hold still, young lady!" warned the surgeon.

"But the little girl! The little girl who was in the room with me! She was here, wasn't she?" Marian looked back to the doctor.

"You mean Patsy?"

"I—think so. She—loved St. Odilia, because St. Odilia cured her of blindness."

"That's Patsy," the surgeon

said quietly. "But you misunderstood. Patsy has had four operations, but she still cannot see. We are going to try again this morning."

Marian stared at the unsmiling physician.

"Oh, no!" she whispered. "She—she has so much faith in God—and in—" She couldn't go on.

"I will be back for another checkup at noon," the surgeon said briefly. He turned on his heel and left.

Darkness. For Patsy, eternal darkness, from the day, the hour of her birth. She had never seen the sunlit ocean, or the warm moon of harvest-time, or the bright faces of playmates at school....

"We'll let you get a good rest now, dear," her father said. Her mother nodded, pressed her hands tight, and followed him into the corridor.

Rest! Marian gripped the thin sheet with both hands. She would not rest this day. Not for hours, not for days and months, until her request was granted.

He lips trembled uncontrollably.

"Oh, St. Odilia, she prayed, "please heal the little girl who loves you so much. St. Odilia, please ask God to give Patsy her sight—St. Odilia, please heal Patsy..."

Where the First A-Bomb Fell

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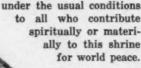
A Cathedral Is Being Built

On the actual site in Japan where the first atom bomb was dropped there is being constructed a memorial cathedral to be dedicated to God and His Blessed Mother for a just and lasting peace.

In a Memorial Chapel within the cathedral where special Masses and other services will be regularly conducted there will be kept the Golden Book of Prayer, in which will be inscribed the names of the heroic men and women of World War II who made the supreme sacrifice, also the names of those who were injured, or who are suffering as a result of the war, as well as of those who have returned to civilian life and need particular spiritual and temporal blessings in their various walks of life. Thus all these will share, in perpetuity, in all the divine services, especially Masses, prayers,

and good works, offered up in this sanctuary of peace. Anyone may submit names for this register by sending them to Rev. H. Lassalle, S.J., c/o Father Daniel, 2543 East 23rd St., Cleveland 15, Ohio.

All this is in accord with the wish of His Holiness, Pius XII, who likewise has granted his Apostolic Blessing with a plenary indulgence





EASTER LIFE

Selected from Glories of Divine Grave by Matthias Joseph Scheeben, a Grail Publication.

F you have risen with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ is seated at the right hand of God. Mind the things that are above, not the things that are on the earth. For you have died, and your life is hidden with Christ in God." (Col. 3, 1-3)

Yes, dear Christian, when you are freed from the death of sin, born again to a new life, and from a servant and an enemy have been made a child of God, you must deem it your honor, pride and highest happiness to fulfill the duties which your new state imposes on you. It behooves you, therefore, to renounce the laws of the world, the devil, and the flesh, to live and labor henceforth

according to the will of your heavenly Father, the example of His only-begotten Son, and the inspirations of the Holy Ghost.

The more mysterious and sublime this life of grace is, the more do we need a visible pattern according to which we may form it in us. This model for all the children of God is the only-begotten and first-born Son of God, Jesus Christ, He and He alone is a worthy model of our sublime state and calling. If grace did not raise us so high above our nature, it would have been unworthy of Him to come down from heaven to earth. Merely to teach us how we should live as men He need not have come at all. But if from earthly men we were to become children and domestics of God. only the Son of God could teach us heavenly divine manners, and by His example show us what corresponds to this new calling.

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A man of the common people, who had never seen the court of a king, naturally could not know how to act in his new position, nor could he learn it from his equals. He must at once take the king's children as his models. Likewise we can learn neither from reason nor from the example of other men the manners and life which become us as adopted children of God.

We must imitate our Model if we would be children of God; Him we must put on, to Him we must con-

form. We must bear His image; we must appropriate His Spirit; we must study and express His inclinations and virtues, that His heavenly Father be honored by us as by

Him and take pleasure in us as in Him.



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WE are, as St. Peter says, "A chosen race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation." (1 Pet. 2,9) Through baptism and grace we have become members of Christ and have been raised to a royal dignity. We are Christians, that is, members of Christ, brothers of Christ, sanctified and consecrated by the anointing of the Holy Ghost. As Christians we must lead a Christian life, a life of following the example of Christ, a life which Christ lives in us as in His members and that we live in Him as in our Head.

Christians themselves understand only too little the sublime nature and divine character of this Christian life.... Then only do we live as Christians when our life is from grace, directed by the light of faith and by the law revealed to us by the Holy Ghost. The supernatural life alone is becoming to the man who has been elevated by grace above all the boundaries of nature. The supernatural life ceases, as it

were, to be supernatural for him, since it becomes his second nature, and he would act against his higher nature if he would lead a merely human, natural life.

It is natural for a worm to crawl upon the earth and it would be unreasonable to demand of it that it fly. But if God's omnipotence had changed it into a bird and had given it wings, this demand would no longer be unreasonable, and the worm would act contrary to its new nature if it would continue to crawl on the earth. After man has put off, by grace, the lowliness of his nature and has been clothed with a divine nature he would belie himself if he continued his former way of life and refused to move in a higher sphere.

Be not guided by the laws of a perverted world, but by the law of grace and of the Holy Ghost. By constant striving after virtue keep yourself on the lofty height to which grace has raised you.

SERIOUSNESS IS NOT A VIRTUE.



heresy, to say that seriousness is a vice. It is really a natural trend or lapse, because it is the easiest thing to do. It is much easier to write a good *Times* article than a good joke in *Punch*. For solemnity flows out of men naturally, but laughter is a leap. It is easy to be heavy; hard to be light. Satan fell by the law of gravity.

—G.K. Chesterton

Books

Shepherds in the Mist They Made Me Sign St. Margaret of Cortona The Cardinal's Story The Virgin and Child

SHEPHERDS IN THE MIST. By E. Boyd Barrett. The Declan X. McMullen Co., 22 Park Pl., New York 7, N.Y. 102 pp. \$2.00.

Shepherds in the Mist has an important mission. Through his book the author wants to make some reparation for his twenty-year desertion from the priesthood, and he wants to raise funds, both material and spiritual, to take care of the sacrifices needed to bring other stray shepherds back home. The author asks for prayers for stray shepherds. As a material aid, royalties from sales of this book will go to assist priests who have wandered from their flocks.

To the reviewer's mind, the book is of value to all adult readers. The faithful priest will read in it a warning to himself; the priest who is having his "last chance" may be brought to a more sober way of thinking and may avert that final fatal step; the seminarian may get

a more complete perspective of the priesthood. Lay readers will hardly be scandalized; on the contrary, they will be more kindly disposed toward stray shepherds, will pray for them the more earnestly, and will more readily assist them to retrace their steps back to the only source of peace. In the words of Father John O'Brien, the book will stir every reader "to a deeper appreciation of the Christ-like virtue of charity, without which faith is but a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

The account is an autobiographical one, told in all humility. The subject is a delicate one, but the author approaches it directly. He tells of pride, rebellion, folly—and of return to God.

The tale, short and simple as it is, is a gripping one and will hold the reader's interest. The book will surely accomplish much good.

Anselm Schaaf, O.S.B.

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THEY MADE ME SIGN. By John C. Heenan. Sheed & Ward, 63 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N.Y. 110 pp. \$2.00.

This book, "a series of talks to a non-Catholic about to marry a Catholic," is a welcome attempt to re-establish and bolster the true concept of Christian marriage. It is almost impossible for a young couple thoroughly infatuated with each other to anticipate the extent of unhappiness and frustration that can arise from their conflicting outlook on God, life, and religion. The author's aim is to point out the pitfalls of the mixed marriage and to forestall them by instructing the non-Catholic party ahead of time on what to expect from the Catholic spouse and why. The result is a book which explains to the non-Catholic the more essential doctrines of the Catholic faith. Knowledge and understanding may banish bias; an anticipated difaculty may cease to be a difficulty. This reviewer feels sure that the non-Catholic partner that studies and prays over this book has a good chance to make a go of a difficult thing.

Outstanding about the book is its simple and clear explanation of fundamental truths. A non-Catholic reader, though sincere, may perhaps be somewhat offended by Father Heenan's uncompromising attitude. But, after all, nothing is quite so cutting as the truth. And the sincere non-Catholic reader will, after a little reflection, respect Father Heenan the more for his stand.

The book treats briefly but clearly of the need of religion, the significance and teaching of the Church, the Sacraments, Holy Mass, and the priesthood. The author includes, of course, a brief outline of Catholic doctrine on marriage, divorce, and contraception.

There is nothing new in They Made Me Sign. What is expressed in the book is traditional Catholic doctrine. But there is a freshness and clarity in its pages that may well provide sympathetic understanding of Catholic doctrine to a non-Catholic as well as rejuvenating ideas for the busy parish priest's routine instructions.

Simeon Daly, O.S.B.

SAINT MARGARET OF CORTO-NA. By Francois Mauriac. Philosophical Library. 231 pp. \$3.00.

Readers who seek a "different" sort of saint's biography will find this work of Mauriac an intriguing one. Although this translation first appeared a year or so ago, it is one well worth noting.

In this biography, Mauriac follows closely a principle he set for himself long ago. He wrote then in his God and Mammon: "If there is a reason for the existence of the novelist on earth it is this: to show the element which holds out against God in the highest and noblest characters—the innermost evils and dissimulations: and also to light up the secret sources of sanctity in creatures which seem to us to have failed."

Loyalty to such a code has led Mauriac into what seems to some critics excessive introversion in his characters, giving his writing constant overtones of melancholy and sorrow. From his other works, Thérèse was a woman from "the muddy ditches of life," whom Mauriac acknowledged to be in certain aspects a "monster." The embittered old man of Vipers' Tangle sits menacing in a web of hate and rebellion up to the last pages of the book. In defending his choice of subjects, Mauriac writes that in the world of reality one does not find beautiful souls in the pure state which some novelists, generally poor novelists, place them. A beautiful character, he claims, has become such at the cost of a struggle against itself, and this struggle goes on to the bitter end.

This biography was written, he tells in the preface, during the bleak war years of France's captivity. It was while living in the "womb of a monotonous horror." And the book has all the chill of that misery about it.

This little saint of 1273, St. Margaret of Cortona, lent herself well to the moods of Mauriac's suffering. She was "too young and too pretty" to be admitted among the penitents of the Franciscan convent of the Celle, near Cortona. Then she, who had been the lovely mistress of Castle Montepulciano, shaved her head, and actually did shout her sins from Cortona's housetops. She dragged her illegitimate child from

door to door, begging the food of the day. The rest of her life she bent to destroying the beauty of her face and body, to burning clean with Divine fire a heart which had smoldered for eight, sinful years in illicit human love.

Strange mystic indeed is this little Italian. Her earliest biographer recounts this defiant retort she made to jealous companions: "A time will come when you will call me a saint, and you will go on a pilgrimage to my tomb with the staff and wallet of the pilgrim." And so it has come about.

The book follows loosely the chronology of St. Margaret's life. But it is more "a kind of meditation on mystical states," as Mauriac admits. This will be the richest reward for the reader: to see the keen analysis this great writer makes of the stages of the saint's ascent to the highest graces. In telling of the flow of grace into Margaret's soul, Mauriac writes lines of most intense beauty, deepest insight, of brightest truth. "One is never cured of God when one has known Him . . . Holiness is nudity ... There is no creature so out of grace that faith does not involve him in solemn debate with the Increate Being, and whose slightest replies do not resound beyond the spheres."

The book is not a "family book," nor meant to be passed down the family line. St. Margaret of Cortona is not a saint whose life gives practical example to men of today. Mauriac is constantly aware of this THE Ste

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aspect, continually apologizing for and defending his saint. To men of our day, God's love plunging down into St. Margaret's life seems too violent. Many would be frightened to see God possessing and embracing a soul so ardently.

Hilary Ottensmeyer, O.S.B.

THE CARDINAL'S STORY. By Stephen K. Swift. Macmillan. 328 pp. \$3.75.

It is a matter of no small surprise that a leading Presbyterian, the author of *The Cardinal's Story*, could have written an account of the life and work of Cardinal Mindmenty that is at once so moving and sympathetic. The book is a gripping and adult work, fully documented. It is a real contribution to a clearer understanding of the noble life and tragic latter days of the Cardinal.

The book is divided into three sections. The first part traces the entire life of the Cardinal, from his childhood to the time of his seizure by the Communists. In the second section the reader is acquainted with the vicious treatment of the Cardinal by the Communists. A full transcript of his trial is also given a this part, about 75 pages being evoted to the transcript. One wonters whether the book gains or loses by the meticulous reproduction of all that admittedly false testimony. Hungarian Communists and a New York Communist newspaper reprintd that testimony to further their own cause. That the "trial" was a

farce is made clear by the other parts of the book, but a summary account of the trial would have been better.

The third portion of the book is made up of excerpts from the Cardinal's letters, sermons, etc. These papers are eloquent and brilliant. Here the reader will find the Cardinal courageously championing such themes as right relationship between Church and State, and the rights of parents in education. statements of the Cardinal are interspersed throughout the first two sections. Two appendixes complete the book, one on the political and legal aspects of the trial, the other containing chronologies of the Hungarian people and of Cardinal Mindszenty. For a prologue, the book has Cardinal Spellman's discourse, "Rebellion to Tyrants Is Obedience to God," delivered in February of 1949 at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City.

Christopher Hoolihan, O.S.B.

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD. Introduction and notes by Thomas Bodkin. Pitman Publishing Corporation, 2 West 45th Street, New York 19, N.Y. 24 pp., 10 color plates. \$1.95.

To the ordinary layman who is not acquainted with the history of art, this book will not seem very impressive at first sight. The ten fullcolor reproductions of famous fifteenth-century paintings of the Virgin and Child hold little interest for the eye accustomed to judge by present-day standards of photographic realism. That is to be expected, since, as Professor Bodkin points out in his introduction, the medieval ideals of religious painting are so foreign to our modern mentality. It must also be kept in mind that the color plates in the book are reproductions of paintings that are over four centuries old.

However limited may be the appeal of this book, its publishers have done a real service to the cause of sacred art. Surprising as it may seem, the best thing in this picture book is the introduction by Professor Bodkin. It is a masterpiece of exposition. In four pages he summarizes the history of images of the Virgin and Child from pre-Christian times to the present, and he does it so clearly, so thoughtfully, and so reverently, that to read the introduction alone should be sufficient reason to buy the book.

Eric Lies, O.S.B.

RARE IS THE FRIEND. By Mary E. McGill. Published by Mary E. McGill, 4363 Central Ave., Indianapolis 5, Ind. 16 pp. \$1.00, postpaid.

In this brochure, Mary McGill gives us a rosary of thoughts about the primary commandments—friendship with God and friendship with man. The booklet is not a unified, logical treatise, but rather a collection of proverbs, wise sayings, and quotations that explain the nature, rareness, and pitfalls of true friendship. Each pithy remark is, as it

were, a bead of a rosary to be slowly and meditatively lingered over.

The author of this booklet has given us the fruit of her own meditation on the sayings she has gathered together. She does this in the little commentary with which she has woven together and adorned these pearls of thought. The reader will find himself brought to a deeper appreciation of true friendship, and he will more eagerly seek after supernatural friendship both with God and man.

Virgil Timmermeyer, O.S.B.

Three Pamphlets of Special Interest

When the People Sang. By Marie Pierik. A pamphlet, published by McLaughlin & Reilly Co., 45 Franklin St., Boston 10, Mass. 32 pp. 50¢.

These days (finally!) one can pick up almost any Catholic periodical and find an article on "How Our Congregation No Longer Sits and Watches." The fifty-year interval since the initiative was taken by Pope Pius X hardly entitles a person furthering the good cause now to be called a pioneer, although the struggles of a pioneer are required. A casual glance at the title of this booklet might make one wonder if this pamphlet were perhaps a short account of Miss Pierik's experiences in the teaching of Chant to parish congregations, to Sisters, or to seminarians. But no; the work is a brief history of the entire Mass, with gat (ter back the (clo awe theo Miss

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reference to the role of the congregation in it, written for those (teachers, pastors, etc.) who need background for their instructions in the Chant. Its many references (close to a hundred) are somewhat awesome, resembling a dogmatic theology textbook, and redolent of Miss Pierik's other works. But the pamphlet will provide good historical understanding and background for the Chant teacher too busy to spend time on research.

Kevin Ryan, O.S.B.

Separation of Church and State. By Thomas F. Coakley, D.D. A pamphlet, published by the Catholic Truth Society, 6202 Alder St., Pittsburgh 6, Penn. 11 pp. 10¢.

The articles found in this pamphlet appeared originally in various newspapers. Their reprinting is pamphlet form is timely. In the

course of the articles, Father Coakley shows that the Church and State have never been fully separated in America and that Catholic and public schools are partners, not competitors, in education. Catholic schools, he points out, are a very important section of American education. The pamphlet will be highly useful to Catholics who want to enlighten their non-Catholic neighbors.

Patrick Shaughnessy, O.S.B.

We recommend "Religion and American Democracy," by the Rev. George Dunne, S.J. The pamphlet answers soberly and convincingly the slanderous remarks of Paul Blanshard in his anti-Catholic book, American Freedom and Catholic Power. Father Dunne's pamphlet is only 25¢, and the publisher is The America Press, 70 East 45th St., New York 17. N.Y.



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Brother Meinrad Helps

I wish to publicly acknowledge my thanks to Brother Meinrad for his gracious help. I promised publication if Brother Meinrad would help me to find my son's billfold.

Mrs. A.M.C., Michigan.

Enclosed find an offering for a Mass of thanksgiving. Recently I had a blood-clot in my leg. I prayed daily to Brother Meinrad and promised publication. I got along nicely, and was able to be up and about and did not suffer any ill effects.

C.E., Indiana

Please accept this small offering in honor of Brother Meinrad. I have been very ill and had not slept well for over a week. My sister pinned a Brother Meinrad stamp on me and

MONTHLY NOVENA-15th to 22rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for through the intercession of the Servant of God, Brother Meinrad, O.S.B., please send them in to THE GRAIL Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses is offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all intentions sent in.

told me about him. I prayed to him for a night's sleep. He answered my prayer that very night, and I am now getting well. I know that he is helping me. F.P., Calif.

Enclosed find an offering for a Mass in thanksgiving for the help I received through the intercession of Brother Meinrad. I had what the doctor said was arthritis of the spine. For two years I suffered pain such as I cannot describe. I put Brother Meinrad's picture on my back and prayed to him. The pain left and for three weeks now I have been absolutely free of pain.

E.H., Minn.

Enclosed find offering for a High Mass in thanksgiving for favors received. My brother was drinking very heavily and we prayed to Our Blessed Mother and dear Brother Meinrad. My brother has not taken any drink for fourteen days now. A.S., Penna.

I am sending you an offering for a Mass of thanksgiving for favors received through Brother Meinrad. He helped me in money matters and in other things too. Mrs. C.D., Mo.

Enclosed please find two dollars, an offering I promised in honor of Brother Meinrad for helping me to breathe easier. Mrs. J.R., Ohio. With us, Christ's love is a compelling motive, and this is the conviction we have reached; if one man died on behalf of all, then all thereby became dead men; Christ died for us all, so that being alive should no longer mean living with our own life, but with His life who died for us and has risen again; and therefore, henceforward, we do not think of anybody in a merely human fashion; even if we used to think of Christ in a human fashion, we do so no longer; it follows, in fact, that when a man becomes a new creature in Christ, his old life has disappeared, everything has become new about him. This, as always, is God's doing.

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We share by patience in the sufferings of Christ that we may deserve to be made partakers of His

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Rule of St. Bened

